

Can We Always Be This Close (Forever and Ever) by aktura

Series: [All's Well That Ends Well \(To End Up With You\) 'verse \[4\]](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

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Summary:

“So, uh, this is kinda new,” Dustin comments as they climb into the car. He’s got the paper bag of food in his lap, and Steve leans across the center console to sneak his hand inside and steal some fries.

“You’re kinda new,” Steve says, stuffing his mouth full and wiping his fingers off on his jeans before reaching out to pull the driver’s-side door closed.

Dustin rolls his eyes as Steve buckles his seatbelt, moving the bag out of reach when Steve looks like he’s gonna go for another handful of fries.

In which they're working things out as they go along, but that doesn't stop Dustin from living his best life.

1. You Can Touch the Sunrise (Feel the New Day)

Summary for the Chapter:

In which Dustin's living his best birthday.

Notes for the Chapter:

So, this is the first chapter of six, all of which will involve Steve and Dustin talking about, and/or having, oral sex. Because I am but a simple woman, with simple desires.

While not all chapters are completed yet, they'll each stand on their own, so if you're not into WIPs you should still be safe to read this.

Regarding the Explicit rating: while this part might not be too explicit, the next ones definitely will be, so thereof the rating. Tags will also be added as necessary.

Now, let's get started! In this first chapter we pick up the morning after It's You (The Shape of Your Body Is New).

Hope you enjoy!

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When Dustin wakes, it's to complete disorientation.

Everything feels off; the sheets are too soft, and the light from the window is coming in from the wrong angle, and the mattress is too firm—

He rubs at his eyes, wiping the sleep away, because actually, there's a dip in the mattress, like someone's— no, like *Steve's* asleep on his stomach right there next to him, and *holy fuck*, it's all coming back to Dustin now; kissing Steve, and Steve kissing him back, and then—

Dustin grins, blinking against the brightness of the morning light, and untangles himself from the covers so that he can turn onto his side and let himself shamelessly *look*.

Steve's features are still relaxed in sleep, lips slightly parted, and Dustin takes in the way his back rises and falls with each breath, the delicate curl of his fingers against the sheets, the trail of hickeys running down the right side of his neck – and the fact that Steve tends to sleep on his stomach isn't news, because they've slept in the same room plenty of times before, but Dustin's never really thought about what it would mean for *him*.

He's never considered that it means that he can reach out to trail his fingers down the slope of Steve's spine, retracing the path he's pretty sure he explored last night with his mouth; he skims his fingertips over the soft skin of Steve's back, right above where the covers are twisted around his hips, petting at the pool of sunlight in the arch of the small of Steve's back, and the touch must tickle, because he can feel the change in Steve's breathing right away as he rouses from sleep.

Dustin splays his hand across the patch of sunlight above Steve's ass – a bit proprietary maybe, but he can't help himself – and leaves his hand resting there as Steve sighs and rolls over onto his back; Dustin's palm skims across Steve's flank, then along his side, and finally comes to rest on Steve's stomach as Steve turns, allowing Dustin to feel the play of muscles against his hand as Steve does a full body stretch. Steve finally turns his head to look at Dustin, blinking sleepily as he catches sight of him, and the corners of his mouth twitch like he's trying to suppress a smile – Dustin gets it, he really does, because he's pretty sure he's got a goofy, stupid grin plastered on his face right about now.

"Hi," Dustin says, pushing himself up on his elbow but leaving his hand where it is, resting low on Steve's stomach, right below his belly button.

"Morning," Steve replies, peering up at him, and his hair is wild and untamed, fanning out across the pillow – still a mess from Dustin tugging at it last night.

He's the prettiest boy Dustin's ever seen. Prettier than most girls at school, too, in a way that makes Dustin want to just— never stop looking at him. Ever.

"You have a good birthday?" Steve murmurs.

"The best," Dustin says with total conviction. He's fairly sure nothing will ever beat this one.

Steve laughs. "You haven't even had your party yet."

"The best," Dustin repeats, hesitating for a split second before gathering the nerve to lean down and press his lips to Steve's.

It's different, doing this in the morning light – it makes it more real, maybe, and Dustin feels a bit more exposed – but Steve just breathes a sigh into Dustin's mouth, hand coming up to rest on the back of Dustin's neck, gently holding him in place as they kiss. It pulls an eager noise out of Dustin, the thought that Steve still very much wants this, and he licks deeper into his mouth as he shuffles closer, feeling his knee bump against Steve's naked thigh beneath the covers.

Heat rises in his face as he's suddenly reminded of the fact that they're both naked – as he remembers practically yanking Steve's pants off the night before – and he pulls back, watching Steve's eyelids flutter open. His lips are a deeper color pink than normal, like maybe Dustin was too rough, which also reminds him—

"Hey," Dustin says, and lets the hand still resting on Steve's stomach edge beneath the covers, fingertips ghosting over Steve's hipbone and lower. "Are you feeling— okay?"

Steve's breath hitches, but Dustin doesn't think it's because he minds the question, at least judging by how he pulls Dustin down for another kiss.

"Yeah, I'm good," Steve murmurs into Dustin's mouth. "A bit— sore. But it's good, yeah? I'm good."

Dustin nods, grunting as he returns the kiss. He feels a bit weird, too. Not in pain, but now that he's awake and moving and thinking about it, his stomach's a bit itchy where the come has dried, and his pubes

feel kinda crusty, too – they probably should've cleaned themselves up last night before falling asleep, but Dustin hasn't wanted to leave the bed as long as Steve was still there in it, and apparently Steve had had the same idea. Dustin's left feeling kinda gross, but it also makes it feel imperfectly *real*, and he can't help but laugh into Steve's mouth, feeling Steve's lips reflexively curl into an answering smile.

“What?” Steve whispers, and Dustin pulls back so that he can peer down at him.

“I just—” Can't believe this is happening. “I used to jerk off thinking about this, y'know?” he blurts out before he can stop himself. “Thinking about you.”

His confession makes Steve grin. “Yeah?” He looks downright gleeful as he curls his hand around Dustin's shoulders, fingers flexing against his skin. “What was I doing? C'mon, tell me.”

“Uh,” Dustin says, because he's pictured Steve so many different ways – all of which pale in comparison to the real thing – and it's not like he can *choose*— “You were in the shower,” he says, picking the first one that comes to mind. “You were all wet and— touching yourself. Just, like, jerking off.”

“A classic,” Steve says, like he approves, and then he hums thoughtfully. “Do you want to?”

“What?”

“Do you want to watch me in the shower?” Steve smirks, and strokes a hand down Dustin's back to grab at his ass through the covers. “It's big enough for two, y'know.”

Dustin wonders what the chances are that he's still asleep and in the middle of a wet dream.

“What?” he says again, like a fucking idiot, but Steve just laughs, pushing the covers away and squirming out from beneath him, climbing out of bed naked like the day he was born, completely unashamed.

Dustin's left trying to untangle himself from the sheets as he

scrambles to follow, and that's how he finds himself pressing Steve up against the tiles of his shower – which, sure enough, is large enough for two – as they sloppily make out beneath the hot spray.

They end up lazily rubbing off against each other, and Dustin mouths at Steve's collarbone as he spills across Steve's hip. Once he finishes he fumbles a hand down between them and jerks Steve off with long, slow strokes, watching Steve's eyelashes flutter and his lips part in a soft sigh as he comes, wet hair curling against his temples.

It really is the best birthday ever, even after Steve catches a glimpse of himself in the bathroom mirror and finally discovers the trail of hickeys Dustin's left behind.

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They're late leaving Steve's house, mostly because Steve has trouble finding something that will adequately cover the bruises running down his neck.

To be honest, Dustin might also have been somewhat to blame; when Steve finally unearths a turtleneck sweater from the back of his closet and pulls it on, it makes him look so soft and cozy that Dustin can't help but want to touch him.

They spend five minutes standing in the middle of Steve's room, kissing, and then Steve has to fix his hair again because Dustin forgot himself and ran his fingers through it, but Steve's a good guy and still makes time to drop Dustin off at his house before peeling off to work.

“Dusty!” his mom exclaims as soon as he opens the door, and immediately rushes forward to envelop him in a hug. “Happy birthday!” She pulls back and cups his face in her hands, looking teary eyed. “Sixteen years old! I can’t believe it.”

“Thanks, Mom,” Dustin says, squirming a bit at the attention, and she gives him another crushing hug, followed by a kiss to the forehead, before finally releasing him and letting him slip inside.

“Did you spend the night at Steve’s?” she asks as she closes the door behind him, and Dustin nods, trying to ignore the heat he can feel

rising in his face. “Did you have a good time?”

“Uh, yeah,” he says, biting his tongue before he adds anything else, because Steve’s amazing and he’s *Dustin’s* now, and if Dustin’s being honest with himself, he’s kinda having this inner battle going on between wanting to keep Steve all to himself, and climbing on top of the house to shout it from the rooftop loud enough for everyone to hear.

He and Steve haven’t talked about telling anyone yet, though, so he’s not gonna just blurt it out. And right now, at least, the desire to keep this new thing with Steve to himself – as his own, guarded secret – makes the decision to keep quiet an easy one.

“That’s good to hear,” his mom says as she returns to the kitchen, putting the finishing touches on whatever’s puttering on the stove – judging by the mouthwatering aroma, it’s the filling for the sloppy joes they’re gonna have at Dustin’s party later that day.

“Now remember,” she continues, “I’m going to Steve’s house to get things ready, so you need to keep away from there until everything’s in place, alright? Oh, and would you put that by the door, baby?” She gestures at the box sitting on the counter.

“Got it,” Dustin says, going to grab the box, and he can’t resist peeking under the flap – it’s full of streamers and balloons and all kinds of party supplies, because apparently his mom’s going all out for his sixteenth.

He carries it over to the door, placing it on top of another box that’s already sitting there, and then makes his way back the kitchen to help his mom get the rest of the stuff ready. She’s been at it all morning, so it doesn’t take too long; she makes him have a sandwich when she learns he hasn’t had any breakfast yet, and then he helps her load the rest of the filling for the sloppy joes into Tupperware containers, which go into bags filled with more food, and once that’s done he helps her carry everything outside to the car.

It’s almost noon by the time they’ve managed to pack everything into the Volvo, and by then it’s started snowing again. It’s not coming down too heavily, but it’s just enough to make the thought of leaving

the house on foot or by bike something Dustin's not feeling all that enthusiastic about. But his mom's all set to go, and if he doesn't want to stay at home and twiddle his thumbs, he needs to hitch a ride with her.

"Can you drop me off at the arcade?" he asks, because if he knows his friends they're all out buying him birthday gifts in a last-minute panic, so going to any of their houses would be a bust.

Besides, the arcade's within walking distance of Family Video.

It's a bit of a no-brainer, really.

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Sadly, Dustin's reunion with Steve is short lived, seeing as Robin practically frogmarches him out of Family Video – a bit of an overreaction on her part, if you ask Dustin.

Still, he's got a movie date with Steve at two o'clock so he's not too upset. He heads over to the arcade where he fails miserably at beating Max's latest high score on *OutRun*. He does just as badly at *Bubble Bobble* and *Rampage*, but luckily – sadly? – Dustin's had two and a half years to get used to this kind of frustration by now, ever since the Hargroves moved to Hawkins and Mad Max started trouncing everyone in the leaderboards. In other words, he doesn't let it distract him from keeping track of the time, and five minutes before Steve's shift is about to end Dustin trudges back to Family Video and waits for Steve to get off.

Neither Steve nor Robin are anywhere in sight when Dustin walks inside, but he can hear voices coming from the back room, and soon enough Steve emerges already wearing his jacket.

"I skipped breakfast," he announces, like Dustin wasn't there to experience Steve's rushed morning routine. "Want to grab some burgers before the movie?"

"Yeah, sure," Dustin says, because he might have had that sandwich earlier, but he's still kind of hungry.

They climb into Steve's BMW and set course for Benny's, and when

they arrive they discover the parking lot to be pretty jammed. Steve eventually manages to spot a free space to pull into, but once they make their way inside they find that the place is pretty crowded as well, and between the tables of rowdy, laughing teens, and the families who've brought their screaming children out for a Saturday treat, the noise is off the charts.

Dustin leans closer to Steve, tugging at the back of his jacket. “Want to eat in the car?” he suggests, practically shouting into Steve’s ear to make himself heard against the sound of the other crowd; the snow’s not coming down as heavily now, so it probably won’t be too cold sitting in the car with their jackets on, even if the engine isn’t running.

If he’s honest he doesn’t really expect Steve to agree, seeing as he’s pretty fussy when it comes to his car; Dustin can remember being there that one time they picked Lucas up on their way to the Byers’, and when Steve had discovered the sandwich Lucas had brought with him to eat on the short drive he’d pulled over and made Lucas eat it standing on the side of the road. Then, once Lucas had finished, Steve had performed an honest-to-God crumb check of his shirt before allowing him back into the backseat, all the while Dustin had watched from the passenger seat, howling with laughter.

So that’s why he’s kinda surprised when Steve says, “Yeah, sure,” and places their usual order to go.

“So, uh, this is kinda new,” Dustin comments later, as they climb back into the car. He’s got the paper bag of food in his lap, and Steve leans across the center console to sneak his hand inside and steal some fries.

“*You’re* kinda new,” Steve says, stuffing his mouth full and wiping his fingers off on his jeans before reaching out to pull the driver’s-side door closed.

Dustin rolls his eyes as Steve buckles his seatbelt, moving the bag out of reach when Steve looks like he’s gonna go for another handful of fries, but Steve just smirks and grabs the collar of Dustin’s jacket instead, tugging him closer.

“I mean it,” he says, before leaning across the console to give Dustin a kiss, just a quick press of his lips. “You’re new to me, y’know? This — whole thing is. So maybe we should try something else that’s new? I mean, I can probably trust you not to get ketchup all over the floor mats.”

Dustin licks his lips as Steve pulls away, tasting salt. “Wow,” he says, “that’s the nicest thing you’ve ever said to me.”

Steve huffs a laugh as he turns the ignition. “Yeah? Well, you make a mess, you’re cleaning it up. Just so you know.”

They still have an hour and a half left to go before the movie’s set to start, so Steve pulls out of the parking lot and back onto Cornwallis, taking them past his house before turning left onto Cartersville as they head up towards Sattler’s Quarry.

After the whole mess with Will’s fake body being found floating in the water at the bottom of the quarry, the Sattler Company were finally pressured into putting up proper fencing around the area. The six foot tall wire fence they ended up erecting makes the site practically inaccessible, unless someone’s actively trying to scale the fence — and, in case someone’s maybe only considering climbing it, the myriad of warning signs plastered along the perimeter should be enough to change their mind.

The signs probably also help absolve the company of any liability should more children be found dead on the site — at least that’s the working theory, as far as Dustin’s heard. He hasn’t been out there since Troy held a switchblade to his throat and made Mike jump off the edge of the quarry to save him, so he doesn’t really mind the lack of access in the same way others might. If it’s up to him he’ll never go near the place again.

Steve, of course, knows this, so Dustin’s not particularly bothered when they turn onto the dirt road leading up to the quarry. He trusts Steve, and sure enough, Steve turns off the road before they make the turn that will take them up to the main access gates, pulling into a small makeshift parking lot. It’s nothing fancy, just packed dirt for the workers to park their cars on, covered in undisturbed snow now, but it’s a quiet spot, and far enough away from the gates that Dustin

won't have to lay eyes on them.

Steve puts the car in park and kills the engine, and Dustin hands him his wrapped burger and his can of Coke, and dumps both portions of fries into the bottom of the bag so that they can share. They eat in silence at first, until the wrapped around Dustin's burger starts failing and dripping ketchup all over his fingers, and that's when they realize that they didn't get any napkins with their food.

Dustin tears a piece off the paper bag to use as an improvised napkin, but he only seems to make even more of a mess as he smears the ketchup around. Steve huffs a laugh and sticks his own fingers in his mouth, licking the salt and dressing off them, as if demonstrating how to do it right, and—

And alright, Dustin's totally aware that he's pretty – utterly – gone when it comes to Steve, so he doesn't think anyone can blame him when he immediately flashes back to the night before. Namely, that moment when Steve was getting Dustin ready to fuck him, and he'd kinda just been staring at Dustin's cock while he jerked Dustin off, slicking him up, and Dustin can still see it clear as day – the look in Steve's eyes when Dustin had tugged at his hair, like he wouldn't have minded sucking on *Dustin* like he's sucking on his fingers right now.

Not the time, Dustin tells his dick, which is definitely beginning to show some interest, even though it's getting kinda chilly in the car and Dustin's a bit preoccupied with trying to not smear ketchup all over the upholstery.

Still, he's only human—

“Steve?”

Steve hums, busy trying to fish more fries out of the bag. Dustin hesitates before wiping his fingers on the top of his hamburger bun to get rid of the worst of the ketchup, and then takes a leaf out of Steve's book and licks whatever's left off his fingertips.

“Y'know, before?” he continues, because he's decided to go all in on this, and it's not like he can gracefully abort now. “When you were

with girls?"

"Yeah?" Steve says, popping a fry into his mouth before taking another bite of his burger.

"You said you did the ass thing, right? But did you ever use your mouth on them?"

Steve wheezes, and then promptly starts to choke. Dustin helpfully grabs Steve's Coke and holds it out to him, and eventually Steve stops coughing long enough to grab the can and gulp down a mouthful.

"What?" he croaks once he's swallows and come up for air again, and he's kinda red in the face, though Dustin can't tell if it's because of the subject matter or the near death experience.

Either way, he forges ahead. "They must've sucked you off, right? Did you, like, reciprocate?"

"Uh—" Steve says, and for a moment Dustin thinks he's not going to answer. But then Steve sighs, like he's decided that there are worse things than having this particular conversation – like almost choking to death, maybe – because he says, "Yeah? I mean, if they— wanted me to."

Dustin considers this. He doesn't particularly like picturing Steve doing anything remotely sexual with anyone who's not Dustin, but at the same time he finds that he's actually pretty stoked that they can talk about this kind of thing without it feeling super awkward.

If his mom's taught him anything, it's that clear and honest communication is important – unless it's *Upside Down* related, of course, in which case selective lying is encouraged.

"Okay. That's cool. Would you—" Dustin licks his lips, fiddling with the wrapper around his burger. "I mean. Did you, uh, like doing it?"

Steve blinks at him, and then he coughs into his fist, cheeks pinking up as he looks anywhere but at Dustin, and—

Oh. Oh.

Well. Dustin takes another bite of his burger, not even caring that half of his fingers immediately get covered in more ketchup, because this birthday?

This birthday's just getting better and better.

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2. We've Got Something New (Me and You)

Summary for the Chapter:

In which they try something new.

Notes for the Chapter:

This is where we start earning the rating, folks. Hold on to your butts!

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There are few things Dustin enjoys more than spending time with Steve.

He doesn't even care what they're doing – if they're kissing, or fucking, or just hanging out – it's all great, as long as it's with *Steve*.

They've almost run the full gamut today, going out to get something to eat before heading back to Steve's house to watch *Heat*, which inevitably ends with a make-out session on the couch. They might fuck later, or maybe they won't; at the moment the way Steve's letting Dustin conduct a slow exploration of his mouth is just as good.

Dustin bites at Steve's bottom lip, tugging lightly, and Steve exhales a shuddering breath that reverberates throughout Dustin's body where he's pressing Steve down against the cushions of the couch. The movie is still playing in the background and the sound from the TV cuts through the haze for a split second; Dustin distantly hears Burt Reynolds coolly threaten one of the bad guys, but to see what's going on he'd have to open his eyes and take his attention off Steve for a second or two, and that's not something that's high up on his to-do list at the moment.

Instead, he turns his attention back to Steve and feels him enthusiastically return the kiss; Steve's got his left hand fisted in the back of Dustin's shirt while the fingers of his right hook into Dustin's belt, trying to tug him closer, and Dustin is giddy with the feeling that Steve's as wrapped up in what they're doing as he is.

Gunfire in the background now and the sound's loud enough to border on being kind of annoying, in Dustin's opinion. He thinks he might sneak his hand up under Steve's shirt in a moment and he'd really like to be able to hear the hitch in Steve's breath when he does it, so he pulls away from Steve with a groan and reaches down with one hand to fumble across the floor for the remote. He's pretty sure it got knocked off the couch earlier, and he nearly topples over the edge of it himself as he overreaches and feels Steve's grip on the back of his shirt tighten.

His hand finally bumps into the remote buried half beneath the couch, and he mutes the movie, looking up to see Steve watching the silent action play out on screen with a small frown gracing his features.

"I have no idea who this guy is," Steve says.

"We'll watch it again later," Dustin promises and drops the remote back onto the floor, because he's not about to give up a make-out session to watch a box office bomb, no matter how new a release it is or how happy he usually is to reap the benefits of dating someone who works at Family Video.

Sure, Keith hogs the best stuff as soon as it comes in, but Steve sometimes gets second pick – or third, depending on if Sigourney Weaver's in it and if Robin's there to fight him for it. It's how the tradition of movie nights at Steve's house – courtesy of his 27" Sony Trinitron – became a regular thing in the first place.

Yeah, Dustin used to come over long before he actually managed to bag Steve, but things are different now; when he spends half the movie distracted by how the light from the TV plays across Steve's profile in the dark and Steve catches him doing it, Steve no longer rolls his eyes at him like he thinks Dustin's being a weirdo again.

Instead, he grins and leans over to meet Dustin halfway and, like tonight, they usually end up having to rewind the movie and start it over again at a later point in time. Dustin considers himself pretty good at the art of multitasking, but as they've found out he's entirely incapable of paying attention to anything but Steve when he's got him pressed down onto the couch and is trying to memorize the taste

of him.

Sometimes the rest of the Party joins them for a night in – usually when Steve’s managed to score something better than fucking *Heat* – which means Dustin makes it through the movie without distractions, but most of the time it’s just the two of them. It used to be a bit of a sore point – the fact that Mike was so obsessed with El, and Lucas so focused on Max, and Will so wrapped up in his latest art project that he probably wouldn’t have noticed if the Russians nuked Hawkins – but Dustin thinks he gets it now; thinks he understands the whole concept of being so utterly into someone that everything else becomes secondary.

It’s how he’s felt about Steve for a long time, even before they got together, but it’s like the feeling’s gone from a simmer to a boil lately, and sometimes Dustin just can’t focus on anything else. Tonight’s no exception, helped along by the fact that they made popcorn earlier, and as a result, Steve tastes like butter and salt – great, in other words.

Dustin pushes himself back up onto the couch and drapes himself across Steve again, using his arms to brace himself against the cushions as he readjusts his position and lines their hips up. That gets Steve’s attention, as Dustin had planned – he can feel his shirt pull around his neck as Steve clenches the fist he’s still got gripping the back of it.

Dustin gives him a slow roll of his hips as a reward, and Steve hums.

“Yeah?” he murmurs, bringing his leg up to hook it behind Dustin’s knee.

“Yeah,” Dustin confirms and dips down to kiss him.

Steve hums again, nipping at Dustin’s bottom lip and making him hiss at the slight sting. He can feel Steve grin, and he retaliates by pulling away and ducking down to lightly scrape his teeth against Steve’s jaw, feeling Steve shudder and roll his hips up against Dustin’s. His hands tug Dustin’s shirt halfway up his back, and Dustin kisses his way down the side of Steve’s neck, finally latching on to a spot just above his collar and worrying it with his teeth.

“Wait—” Steve groans, voice hoarse, “hold on. Not there. Go lower, alright? I don’t want Max smirking at me like last time.”

“Kay,” Dustin murmurs, placing a soft kiss to the reddened skin before hooking his fingers into the collar of Steve’s T-shirt. He pulls it to the side so that he can get his mouth on a spot that’ll stay hidden beneath Steve’s clothes.

“You’re gonna stretch it,” Steve says, and Dustin huffs a frustrated breath against Steve’s collarbone. “Just— help me take it off.”

Which, okay, that’s a *great* idea, Dustin decides. He pushes himself off Steve and sits back on his knees, helping Steve yank the T-shirt over his head. Steve barely has time to fling the shirt over the back of the couch before Dustin’s on him again, running his hands up Steve’s flanks and leaning down to kiss him on the mouth as he brushes a thumb over one of Steve’s nipples.

Steve lets out a shuddering breath and pushes his chest up against Dustin’s hands. “Yeah, c’mon,” he groans. “Touch me.”

Dustin definitely doesn’t need an invitation; he’s already running a palm down Steve’s side, pulling at the leg Steve’s got hooked behind Dustin’s knee and wrapping it around his waist instead, spreading Steve wider as he kisses his way down along the side of his neck and grinds his hips against Steve’s.

The pressure makes Steve whine and he throws his head back against the couch, but as Dustin starts nipping at his collarbone Steve reaches up to push against Dustin’s shoulders, as if he wants Dustin to get off him.

Dustin pulls back. “Sorry. I’m not crushing you, right?”

“No, it’s— it’s fine,” Steve says. His lips are red from all the kissing they’ve been doing and he kind of looks like he’s holding back – like he wants to say something more.

Dustin waits for him to voice whatever he’s thinking, but Steve just shakes his head and cups Dustin’s face in his hands to pull him down again, parting his lips so that Dustin can lick into him. Dustin obliges,

closing his eyes and curling his tongue around Steve's. He groans in encouragement as one of Steve's hands sneak down to grab at Dustin's ass and hold him in place as Steve grinds their hips together.

“Fuck yeah,” Dustin breathes into Steve's mouth, thrusting his hips down hard, but then Steve's pushing him away again, breaking off from the kiss.

Dustin blinks his eyes open to find Steve's gaze fixed on the ceiling somewhere past Dustin's shoulder. He's worrying his bottom lip between his teeth.

“Steve?” Dustin hesitates. “We could stop and— and watch the movie instead? I don't mind.”

“No, it's not—” Steve licks his lips as he finally meets Dustin's eyes again. “You remember that— what we talked about before?”

Dustin flashes back to the discussion they'd had the other day, about who would be more likely to win in a knife fight; the monkey from *Raiders of the Lost Ark* or the orangutan from *Every Which Way but Loose*.

Dustin had argued that the orangutan was stronger and had a longer reach, but Steve had insisted that the monkey's speed and size would give it the advantage – *like a ninja*, he'd said – and they'd spent most of the day hotly debating the issue, before eventually dragging it with them into Family Video where Robin had set her foot down and loudly told them her opinion on the matter, which had pretty much put an end to the discussion.

“That thing about the monkeys?”

“What?” Steve frowns. “No, when you asked me about the girls—”

“Oh. *Oh!*” Dustin thinks his heart might have skipped a beat, and he's suddenly very aware of the way Steve's fingers are gently petting across his shoulder blades.

“Do you wanna try it?” Steve asks. “Because I think—”

“Yes!” Dustin scrambles off Steve like he's on fire, narrowly tumbling

off the couch in his haste. “How do you wanna—?”

But Steve’s already wriggling out from under him, untangling their legs and rolling off the couch to land awkwardly on his ass on the floor. It doesn’t seem to have hurt, though, because he shifts onto his knees and turns around, motioning for Dustin to sit up properly on the couch.

Dustin dumbly complies as Steve shuffles closer until he’s on his knees between the spread of Dustin’s legs. The sight is— It’s something Dustin’s imagined before. A lot of times, if he’s honest, but the fantasies could never hold a candle to the way Steve’s looking right now, peering up at him from the floor.

“So...” Steve says as he brings his hands up to slowly rub his palms over Dustin’s thighs, grinning like he knows all too well the effect he’s having on him.

Dustin bites his tongue to hold back a whimper, but can’t smother the groan that escapes when Steve’s hands travel far enough to hook into Dustin’s belt loops and yank him towards the edge of the couch; Dustin ends up in a sprawled-out slouch, probably more turned on than before, if that’s possible, because he’s never been much into sports, so he sometimes forgets how physically strong Steve is due to his love of swimming, running, and all other kinds of awful things.

Steve pauses as he reaches for Dustin’s belt buckle.

“This okay?” he asks, and Dustin breathes *Fuck yes* and bends down to kiss him until Steve remembers he was in the middle of something and pushes Dustin away, pinning him against the back of the couch with a hand on his chest.

“Stay,” he sternly says, like Dustin’s a dog.

Dustin huffs a laugh but does as he’s told, and he presses his fists against the cushions on either side of his hips as he watches Steve focus on undoing his belt. It takes a moment, probably because of the angle, but then Steve’s pulling the tongue of the belt free of the buckle and sets about tackling the button and zip, which he thankfully manages to master a lot faster.

“Up,” Steve says once he’s gotten them both open, and Dustin lifts his hips and lets Steve curl clever fingers into his waistband and tug his jeans and underwear down his thighs in one go.

His dick slaps up against his stomach, fully hard and already wet at the tip, and Dustin shudders and sucks in a sharp breath that sounds startlingly loud in the silence of the room. He wants to touch himself, but he’s suddenly very aware of the fact that the lights are still on and that the curtains aren’t drawn across the windows – anyone could just wander into Steve’s backyard and see them, Dustin with his hard dick out in Steve’s living room and Steve on his knees before him, hands clutching at Dustin’s jeans as he gets ready to put his mouth to use.

Dustin whines at the thought and can’t help the way his hips reflexively thrust – when he looks down he can see his cock twitch and blurt precome onto his shirt, which seems to startle Steve back into action.

“Fuck,” he breathes, and then he starts yanking at Dustin’s jeans again, pulling them the rest of the way down his legs.

Once they’ve made it clear past Dustin’s feet, Steve throws the pants to the side and places his hands on Dustin’s knees, pushing his legs further apart. He crowds closer until he’s basically leaning across Dustin’s lap between his spread legs, elbows braced on the couch cushions on either side of Dustin’s hips. Dustin groans out loud as Steve finally touches him, closing his fist around Dustin’s cock and giving it a slow jerk, and fuck, that’s good.

Technically it’s not new – they’ve jerked each other off before and have fucked a couple of times by now – but the anticipation of what they’re about to try is hitting Dustin hard, together with the way Steve’s biting his lip as he watches Dustin’s foreskin pull back with each down-stroke of his hand.

“Steve,” Dustin whines.

“Yeah,” Steve breathes. “Yeah, okay. Let’s do this.” He moves his hand down to encircle the base of Dustin’s cock. “Try not to move, okay? Just to begin with.”

“I’ll try,” Dustin says. “Fuck, Steve, *please*—”

He watches Steve take a deep breath and lean closer, and then his lips are closing around the head of Dustin’s cock, and holy shit, it feels *incredible*. Dustin groans, letting his head fall back against the couch and tries not to fuck deeper into the wet heat of Steve’s mouth as Steve carefully sucks at him, tongue petting over the slit like he’s trying to get used to the taste.

“*Fuck*,” Dustin pants up at the ceiling.

He’s distantly aware that his legs have started to tremble as Steve curls his tongue around Dustin’s cockhead and alternates between slow and fast strokes, so soft and wet and warm – getting to know the shape and sensation of having a cock in his mouth for the first time as he carefully slides the tip of his tongue under Dustin’s foreskin.

Dustin grunts, feeling himself blurt precome onto Steve’s tongue, and Steve makes a slightly surprised noise. He flattens his tongue, letting Dustin’s cock rest on top of it for a moment as Steve uses his fist to slowly jack him once, twice, before pulling completely off.

Dustin can’t help but whine, hips bucking as he chases after the warmth of Steve’s mouth, and Steve takes mercy on him and starts stroking him again. It’s an easy slide, dick wet with precome and spit, and it seems kind of obscene; when Dustin looks down he finds Steve looking right back at him, lips shiny and face flushed, and he looks like something straight out of one of Dustin’s wet dreams.

“Was that okay?” Steve asks.

Dustin groans. “Fuck, you don’t even *know*,” he says, and Steve grins.

“Yeah?” He leans in to press his mouth against the base of Dustin’s dick, giving the shaft a soft sucking kiss.

“Yeah—” Dustin drags in a sharp breath as Steve slowly runs his lips up the length of him, dropping kisses along the way and only pulling away again as he reaches the cockhead. “Nghn,” Dustin says as his head falls back against the couch.

He can hear Steve laugh, and he can’t decide whether to curse or

praise Steve's experience; this might be the first time Steve's on this side of a blowjob, but he's been sucked off before and knows what works – Dustin's pretty sure Steve probably already has a long list of things he likes having done to him, and that's definitely more than Dustin knows.

“Y’gotta tell me what you like later,” he groans.

Steve smiles at him. “Or I can show you,” he says, leaning in to kiss the tip of Dustin’s cock, and Dustin’s chest burns with how much he loves him.

“Okay,” Steve continues, “I’m gonna try again, so, uh, maybe you should put your hands in my hair. Just— pull me off if I do something you don’t like.”

“Kay,” Dustin breathes, unclenching his fists and gently placing his hands on the sides of Steve’s head, threading his fingers into the thickness of his hair.

“Don’t push me down,” Steve warns. “I don’t want to choke on you.”

Dustin’s almost embarrassed by how hard his dick twitches at that, but Steve just smirks and fists his cock, smearing precome, before leaning in to close his mouth around Dustin’s cockhead again.

It feels just as good as before – even better, maybe – as Steve slowly takes more of Dustin’s cock into his mouth, hot and wet and *soft* where Steve’s curling his tongue around the head, like he did before but with more confidence now. And Dustin watches him for a breath or two, just to take in the sight of Steve’s lips stretched around him and the way his face flushes pink as he notices Dustin watching him, and then Steve sucks his cheeks in and fuck, that’s *amazing*.

Dustin groans and squeezes his eyes shut. He can’t help but tug softly at Steve’s hair, hopefully not enough to hurt but definitely hard enough for Steve to feel it, and Steve’s breath hitches like he *likes it*, which is enough to set Dustin off; he whines as he feels the familiar tingling start to grow in his balls before Steve clamps his fingers around the base of Dustin’s cock to hold his orgasm off.

Dustin grunts, a bit alarmed, but Steve takes him in another half an inch, and Dustin can't decide if he wants to come or if he wants to spend forever just lazily rubbing himself on Steve's tongue as Steve softly suckles at him.

Then Steve pulls back, and Dustin jerks, whining softly in discomfort as something scrapes against him – a sharp, brief sting.

“Sorry,” Steve coughs, pulling away. “Sorry.” He leans in to kiss the side of Dustin’s dick, which has gone a bit soft due to the unexpected pain. “Didn’t mean to do that – no teeth, check.” He places another kiss to the shaft, looking apologetic, and then another, and Dustin’s already forgiven him – was never anything to forgive in the first place – quickly growing hard again at the sight of Steve nuzzling at his cock.

“S’okay,” Dustin slurs, “just put it back in. Suck me, *please*. Steve—”

Steve hums, licking his lips and gives Dustin a careful jerk, watching his face for any sign of discomfort. Dustin’s dick is still wet, but Steve pauses to lick at his palm for good measure before resuming his stroking, and Dustin’s fingers twitch where they’re still buried in Steve’s hair.

“Steve,” he sighs plaintively, and Steve leans forward to take him in again, further this time, until Dustin’s cockhead bumps against the roof of his mouth.

It feels really fucking good, and Dustin can’t help the way his hips jerk at the sensation, and he tightens his grip on Steve’s hair. Steve stills, letting Dustin hold him in place as he carefully rubs himself against the roof of Steve’s mouth with tiny twitches of his hips. It almost feels like fucking, but not really – it’s wetter, and he can feel Steve’s tongue clumsily stroking the underside of Dustin’s shaft as he thrusts, but Dustin doesn’t even care because it’s so, *so* good, especially when Steve gives a quiet hum that Dustin swears he can feel all the way in his bones.

“Steve,” he pants, feeling himself start to tremble, and Steve slowly pulls off with a long, hard suck that has Dustin shuddering in pleasure.

Quickly angling Dustin's cock up towards his chest, Steve starts jerking him off with long, twisting strokes, pulling the foreskin back and swirling his thumb across the head, just the way Dustin likes it. Dustin gulps for breath as he feels Steve nose at the base of his shaft and lower, and comes with a soft whine as he feels the first hesitant lick to his balls.

Steve strokes him through it, cupping Dustin's balls in his free hand as Dustin shoots all over his shirt, groaning at how good it feels as he slowly floats back down from his high until pleasure turns to discomfort and Steve pulls his hands away.

When Steve turns to rest his forehead against one of Dustin's bare thighs, panting hard, Dustin reaches out to clumsily comb his fingers through Steve's hair.

"Steve," Dustin slurs, feeling all loose-limbed and tingly, and Steve scrambles off the floor and onto the couch, straddling Dustin's lap.

He kisses Dustin, cupping his face in his hands and tilting his head back as he licks into Dustin's mouth, and Dustin makes a surprised noise at the taste of him – at the slight flavor of *himself* in Steve's mouth – but clumsily returns the kiss as he fumbles with Steve's zipper.

They're both breathing hard, Steve trembling against Dustin and ducking down to press his open mouth against the side of Dustin's neck as Dustin finally gets Steve's pants open and slips his hand inside. He finds Steve fully hard and leaking, and he pets his fingertips against the wet head of his cock, smearing precome along the slit, barely having to touch him before Steve comes, whimpering against Dustin's neck as he shakes apart in his arms.

He slumps down onto Dustin once he's done, and he's surprisingly heavy but Dustin doesn't mind; he simply wipes his hand off on his shirt and wraps his arms around Steve to pull him closer, feeling Steve press lazy kisses along his neck.

"Holy shit," Dustin breathes. "That was awesome."

"Yeah?" Steve murmurs, pulling back to look at him.

His hair is in total disarray from where Dustin's been pulling and petting at it, and his lips are wet and a bit swollen. He looks like someone who just sucked a dick – sucked *Dustin's* dick – and Dustin surges up to kiss him, stroking his tongue along Steve's.

“So hot,” he sighs into Steve's mouth. “Loved it.”

Steve hums in reply, reaching down between them to trail his fingers along Dustin's hip bone until he finds his soft cock. Dustin sucks in a sharp breath as Steve wraps a hand around him, gently cradling him in his palm.

“Never done that before,” Steve says against Dustin's lips with a curl of his fingers, and swallows the whine Dustin has no hope of holding back. “Gonna need practice.”

“Me too,” Dustin manages to say, feeling his body start to respond to the soft barely-there caress of Steve's touch. “I've never— Whatever you want. *Steve.*”

He can feel Steve smile into the kiss.

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3. Incentive (The Way You Move)

Summary for the Chapter:

In which Dustin responds well to positive reinforcement.

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“I just don’t understand why you’re freaking out about it,” Dustin says.

“Because she’s gonna know!” Steve hisses as he pulls into the driveway next to Dustin’s mom’s car and puts the BMW in park.

It’s closing in on eight o’clock – almost time for Dustin’s 16th birthday party – and the lights on the first floor of Steve’s house are all on. Jonathan’s car is parked behind the Hendersons’ Volvo, which means he and Will are already there – and probably Nancy and Mike, too; Dustin can see people moving around inside, but they’re just silhouettes behind the curtains at this distance.

“She’s gonna take one look at me and then she’s going to look at *you*, and then she’s gonna *know*,” Steve says as he kills the engine, and Dustin rolls his eyes.

“She’s not gonna know,” he says. “Why are you being such a weirdo? You’ve had, like, tons of girlfriends. Didn’t you ever meet any of their parents?”

“I met *Nancy’s* parents, which doesn’t count, because Mr. Wheeler’s a tool. I actually like your mom.”

And yeah, Dustin can’t argue with the Mr. Wheeler part. “Okay, well, stop thinking whatever you’re thinking. We’re not gonna tell her right now, and even if we did, my mom loves you,” he says, because it’s the truth. “She thinks you’re the best thing I’ve ever dragged home.”

“That’s a low bar,” Steve mutters.

Dustin hates to admit that he's not *wrong*. So, just to wind Steve up, because that's how their relationship works – how it *still* works – he adds, “Plus, she thinks you're a good influence on me.”

Steve shoots Dustin a glare at that, but Dustin ignores it in favor of admiring how the turtleneck sweater Steve's wearing does little to hide the hickey Dustin left behind his ear last night, and how it barely covers the mark on the bottom of his jaw. Seeing it honestly kind of sends a thrill down Dustin's spine.

He shakes his head to snap out of it. “C'mon, dipshit,” he says, pushing the passenger door open. “Time to face the music. I swear, she's not even gonna notice.”

And Claudia Henderson doesn't, not that day or anytime during the following three months, despite Steve turning into an overly polite pod person whenever he visits Dustin's house. Dustin hadn't lied; his mom really does adore Steve, always greeting him with a kiss on the cheek and a big hug, and watching Steve get all flustered-but-pleased as he returns the embrace is one of Dustin's favorite things.

Not wanting to rock that boat is maybe partly why he's been dragging his feet about telling his mom – that, and the fact that there just hasn't been a good time to sit her down and walk her through how Steve-his-best-friend is now Steve-his-*boyfriend*. He tries not to feel too bad about it.

Today, Steve arrives just as Dustin's mom's about to leave to run some kind of errand. She walks Steve to Dustin's room, her coat already on, just to remind them to be careful not to let Tews out if they leave the house before she gets back.

“Oh, and please, Steve, honey, can you convince Dusty that he needs to clean this mess up off the floor?”

That said, she's off with a ‘You two behave!’ and a fond smile, leaving Steve to awkwardly hover in the doorway as Dustin smirks at him from where he's sitting on the bed.

“Shut up,” Steve mutters, ducking his head to run his fingers through his hair.

“It’s cute,” Dustin says, ignoring Steve’s glower. He closes the comic book he’s been reading. “You wanna hang out? Or are we going somewhere?”

Steve shrugs and steps into the room and almost immediately trips over a pile of clothes; Dustin’s bedroom is, admittedly, a bit messy at the moment, but he’s been so caught up in Steve that he hasn’t been spending much time at home lately, or had time to keep things in order.

“The fuck—” Steve mutters as he kicks at the T-shirt that he somehow managed to tangle his foot in, and Dustin watches it fly across the room and land somewhere in the direction of his desk.

“Hey, I like that one!” he says, but Steve ignores him in favor of bending down to rummage through one of the piles of clothes.

“What the hell is this?” he asks, picking up a thick book about radio wave detectors from the corner where Dustin threw it after he was done with it.

“That is one of my tomes of wisdom,” Dustin sagely explains.

“It’s overdue, is what it is,” Steve mutters, flipping through the book’s pages and squinting at the little card where Dustin signed his name next to the date many, many moons ago.

“You can’t rush these things,” Dustin says as Steve tosses the library book onto the foot of the bed and then starts picking his way through the room; the first book is soon joined by another, and then another, and yeah, Dustin should’ve returned most of them a long time ago, and should probably also feel somewhat guilty about that fact, but Ms. Harris the librarian is a bit of a sourpuss and he doesn’t want to give her the satisfaction of admitting that he is, indeed, once again over his five book limit.

A lot over.

Steve, standing in the middle of the room with his hands on his hips, looks thoughtful all of a sudden as he gazes at the pile now taking up quite a lot of space on Dustin’s bed. That look is never a good sign –

especially since Steve sometimes seems to experience these bouts of trying to be all responsible and shit now that he's got a high school diploma and a job and a boyfriend whose mother thinks he's a good influence on her son.

Dustin braces himself.

"If you return these today," Steve says slowly, "I'll blow you in the car on the way back."

"In the car?" Dustin immediately perks up. "For real? You're not messing with me?"

"Yeah, sure," Steve shrugs, nonchalant, like he's still pretending he doesn't have a huge oral fetish that Dustin's been happily reaping the benefits of lately.

Dustin grabs an armful of books and scrambles off the bed, nearly tripping over his feet in his haste to get going.

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Steve, the jerk, makes Dustin carry all the books himself. He doesn't even get out of the car – just pulls up into an empty parking space in front of the library and shoos Dustin out of the passenger side door before popping the trunk open.

He doesn't give Dustin money for the late fees either, so Dustin has to fork those up on his own, but at least it also means that Steve isn't there to witness Dustin's expression when Ms. Harris suspends his library privileges for a month. Dustin probably would've spent the rest of the day sulking about it if it hadn't been for Steve's promise, so he accepts the punishment as gracefully as he can, ignores Ms. Harris' glare, and runs for the car instead.

Steve gives Dustin a smile when he climbs back in, reaching out to brush his hand against Dustin's shoulder like he sometimes does – a quick touch of affection, a gesture that would seem completely commonplace to anyone else but which has Dustin flushing hot. The Beemer's engine is already running, so they're off almost before Dustin has time to buckle up.

Steve takes them down Cornwallis, away from the town center, and heads towards the fairgrounds. There are plenty of smaller roads here that lead into the forest, and they turn off onto one that's almost overgrown, weeds brushing against the undercarriage as they drive another hundred yards before pulling to a stop.

Steve turns the engine off and for a moment all Dustin can hear is the rush of his own pulse in his ears, heart throbbing in time with his dick; he's been chubbing up since Steve pulled the car away from the library, and now he scrambles to take his seat belt off, reaching for Steve and yanking him across the center console so that he can kiss him.

He feels kind of frantic, knocking his teeth against Steve's as he licks into his mouth, and Steve hums and softens the kiss until it's gentle and warm and wet. Dustin whines when he feels one of Steve's hands reach down to press against him, shoving his hips into Steve's touch as Steve rubs gently at the head of his dick.

“Backseat?” Steve murmurs against his lips, and Dustin inhales sharply and nods, because that's literally the best idea he's ever heard.

He pulls away and crawls between the two front seats to reach the back, ignoring Steve's shout of protest, and barely has time to settle down against one of the back doors and yank his fly down before Steve manages to follow.

“Use the *doors*, Dustin. Fuck’s sake,” he snaps, slamming the door closed behind him, but he sounds more annoyed than truly angry, and he's already reaching out to help Dustin tug his jeans and underwear down his hips, so Dustin's honestly beyond caring at the moment.

Steve exhales softly when Dustin's cock is uncovered, like he's pleased to see it, and leans forward to place a kiss at the base, before moving lower, nuzzling at Dustin's balls, his hands still clenched around the waistband of Dustin's jeans.

“Steve,” Dustin pleads, staring down at the top of Steve's head and then at his own dick, resting against his stomach, thick and hard and

spilling precome onto the fabric of his shirt in anticipation of what is going to happen.

“Easy,” Steve murmurs, but he must be able to make out the strain in Dustin’s voice because he turns to lick at the palm of his right hand, curling it around Dustin’s dick, and then presses his tongue to the hilt of it and, in a move that has Dustin panting, licks his way up the full length of Dustin’s cock.

Steve usually likes to start things off the same way; first he does that slow, wet lick up the shaft, and then he likes to use his thumb to pull Dustin’s foreskin back so that he can drag the flat of his tongue across the cockhead, lapping up the precome as it comes spilling out the slit, eyes closed like he’s trying to savor the taste.

It always lights Dustin up from the inside out – not only the fucking *amazing* sensation that is Steve putting his mouth on Dustin, but also the expression on Steve’s face when he does it; super focused at first, like he’s concentrating on making it good for Dustin, but eventually it bleeds over into something hungrier, kinda like Steve’s getting off on getting Dustin off, and when Dustin can’t help but whine and thrust his dick up to try to find more friction, Steve pulls back to shoot him an almost sour look, like he was having a moment and Dustin’s a jerk for interrupting.

“Sorry, sorry,” Dustin gasps even as Steve leans back down and wraps his lips around the head of Dustin’s cock and gives it a slow, hard suck and wow, yeah, Dustin has been doing everyone a disservice by not writing fucking *odes* to the sight of Steve closing his eyes and letting Dustin carefully rub his cockhead against the top of Steve’s tongue.

Steve usually likes it when Dustin touches him when he’s sucking dick – goes a little bit wild when Dustin curls his fingers into his hair and gently gives it a couple of tugs, but it’s not even noon yet and Steve’s hair is perfectly coiffed, so Dustin’s not sure if it’d be okay to touch him like that and mess it up. He cups Steve’s cheeks instead, fingers fanning out to brush against his ears, and feels Steve press into the touch in appreciation.

“Fuck,” Dustin sighs, shifting his hips and pressing a little further

inside, “that’s *so good*.” He can feel himself bumping against Steve’s cheek from the inside, and it’s soft and hot and wet and fucking *addictive*.

Steve hums in what Dustin hopes is agreement that yeah, he’s making Steve feel good too, and the vibration is enough to make Dustin see stars. He can’t help but whimper and shift his fingers to press into the hinge of Steve’s jaw, pulling him forward and deeper onto Dustin’s dick, and Steve moans and closes his eyes and just lets Dustin do it.

“Fuck,” Dustin breathes as Steve swallows an extra half inch of his cock, unable to look away from the flush rising in Steve’s face, and the fringe of his eyelashes, and the way his lips are pinker than usual where they’re stretched around the dick in his mouth.

And Steve stays there for a moment, lazily curling his tongue around Dustin, like he’s indulging Dustin’s need to look, and then he pulls back and, to Dustin’s dismayed groan, completely off his dick.

“Hang on,” Steve pants, “don’t move, okay? I wanna try—” and then he fists Dustin’s cock once, twice, easy friction where he’s wet with spit, before bending down to take him into his mouth again.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck,” Dustin whines as Steve pins his hips against the backseat and swallows him down, not stopping until Dustin swears he can feel the tip of his dick slipping into the tightness at the back of Steve’s throat. “Steve, what the *fuck*—”

Steve gives an answering groan, so far down now that his nose is almost brushing against Dustin’s stomach, and the sight is hot enough to make Dustin whine and curl up in pleasure, feeling like he’d shoot into the stratosphere if it weren’t for Steve pinning him down.

He throws his head back, almost braining himself against the car door window behind him, and closes his eyes as he moans up at the ceiling. He feels Steve pull back slightly, feels the warm flow of air as he takes a deep breath, and then Steve’s taking him in again, soft curl of tongue and then the warm, tight pressure against Dustin’s cockhead once more, Steve’s hair brushing against Dustin’s lower stomach as he tucks in close.

It feels mindblowingly intimate, like when they're fucking, Dustin pinning Steve against the mattress, down and *in* and pressed so very, very close, and it bowls Dustin over that he didn't even have to ask for this – that *Steve's* the one who said *I want to try* because he loves Dustin's cock, likes how it tastes and how it feels inside him, wants it however he can have it, deep and tight and—

Dustin whines in disappointment when Steve pulls back again, coughing slightly and wiping at his mouth with the back of his hand.

“Was that good?” Steve asks, and he sounds a bit hoarse, like Dustin's dick is too much for him to take but he did it anyway because he likes it, and the thought makes Dustin thrust up into the grip of the hand Steve still has curled around the base of his cock, turned on beyond belief.

Steve gives him a slow, tight stroke in response, like a reward, and says, “I had a girl do that to me this one time, but I don't know if—”

Dustin surges up and cuts him off with a kiss, pulling Steve down by the collar of his jacket until he completely covers Dustin, their legs awkwardly tangled together in the small backseat.

“You're awesome,” Dustin sighs into Steve's mouth, “that was awesome,” and whatever reply Steve might have had is lost when Dustin reaches down to cup him through his jeans where he's hard and leaking.

Steve exhales a sharp moan as Dustin starts to rub at him, deepening their kiss as he thrusts down into Dustin's touch. Dustin lifts his hips to push his bare cock against the fabric of Steve's jacket, but ends up nicking himself on the zipper, not so bad that it really hurts but enough to take the edge off, which is probably the only reason he doesn't come on cue when Steve breaks their kiss and hides his face in Dustin's shoulder, curling his fingers into Dustin's T-shirt and moaning brokenly as he presses up against him and starts to tremble; Dustin can feel Steve's cock jerk, the fabric of his jeans growing damp against Dustin's palm as Steve comes.

The stay like that for a little while, Steve slowly coming down as he breathes heavily against Dustin's neck, shuddering with small

aftershocks while Dustin grins to himself and idly grinds up against Steve's hip.

"Oh, you *fucker*," Steve eventually manages to grunt in Dustin's ear, "in my fucking pants?" and then he's clumsily shoving himself back up and grabbing at Dustin's dick, and Dustin's laugh turns into a long drawn out moan as Steve cups his balls in one hand and uses the other to hold his cock steady as he put his mouth back on him.

It's fast and hard, like Steve's on a mission, messy, and wet, and as deep as before, and Dustin loves it – loves Steve, adores him, and might be telling him as much, nonsensical babble pouring from his lips as he ruts into Steve's throat. Steve hums around him, fumbling for one of Dustin's hands and pulling it towards the back of his head, and Dustin groans and threads his fingers into the hair at Steve's nape, holding him in place as he fucks himself further inside, slipping into the tight grip of Steve's throat and trembling in disbelieving pleasure when Steve still makes no move to shove him off.

"Steve," he whines in warning, and Steve moans before he starts to pull away, makes Dustin shudder with one last lingering, sucking kiss to the cockhead, before he lets Dustin's dick fall from his lips to slap heavily against Dustin's stomach.

The air is freezing compared to the heat of Steve's mouth, and it's painful and amazing at the same time – Dustin barely has time to fuck his hips up against nothing before he comes with a whimper, thighs shaking, shooting hard and making a mess of his shirt.

He almost whites out when Steve leans down to press his lips against the underside of Dustin's dick, mouthing small, clumsy kisses along its length as Dustin starts to come down from his high.

"*Fuck*," Dustin pants, forcing himself to let go of the grip he's still got on the back of Steve's head, but Steve doesn't move away, just turns to rest his forehead against Dustin's thigh, and so Dustin leaves his hand where it is, fingers combing through Steve's hair while he reaches down to carefully touch his dick with his other hand, wanting to feel where Steve's mouth just was.

Steve turns to watch him with hooded eyes, his lips a deeper pink

than normal, and there's a speck of white at the corner of his mouth; Dustin goes hot all over when he realizes that he's somehow managed to almost-nail Steve in the face.

Steve rolls his eyes then, probably at whatever expression Dustin's wearing, and pushes himself up onto his elbows to wipe at his mouth with his fingers. Dustin holds his breath as Steve contemplatively eyes the mess that covers Dustin's shirt, and then the small smudge on his thumb, before raising the finger to his mouth to lick the pad of it, and Dustin has to grab at his dick because it's valiantly trying to fatten up again and it kinda hurts this soon after he's already come.

Steve hums thoughtfully, like Dustin didn't taste nearly as bad as he expected it to, and then, reaching out to place a hand on Dustin's bare hipbone, thumb rubbing wet over the skin there, he adds, "Tell you what, next time, if you return your books *on time*, I'll let you finish in my mouth."

Dustin gives a pathetic whimper and collapses back against the car door, hips twitching on their own volition as Steve carefully tries to tuck him back into his pants.

He needs to get to work on regaining his library privileges, stat.

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